

My Most Memorable Experience

By PHYLLIS SMITH

I had never realized that there could be such an infinite variety of culture in one city until a friend and I toured part of New York last spring.

As our sightseeing bus slowly glided down Fifth Avenue, I gazed longingly at the exquisite fashion displayed in beautifully designed windows. I suppose my thoughts were still slightly wistful as we passed the picturesque little church around the corner of which I had heard so often.

Next we crossed lovely Washington Square with the huge arch in the center. A feeling of contentment came over me, for here the trees were beginning to bud; children were playing on the grass; old men were resting on benches; and service men were strolling with their sweethearts. The scene was similar to that of a small town courthouse square on a lazy Saturday afternoon.

Gradually, the scenery lost its grandeur, and we found ourselves riding through the Bowery, better known as "The Street of Forgotten Men." It is hard to explain the feeling I had as I watched pitifully dejected men lying helplessly intoxicated on sidewalks and in doorways. We saw one poor, ragged, old man selling a pair of glasses and a watch for fifteen cents, which he probably spent for beer. It was heartbreaking to think that many of these wretches had once been successful doctors, lawyers, or businessmen, who had been too weak to face life and its problems.

After leaving the Bowery we came into oriental Chinatown. Being quite fond of Chinese dishes, I had anticipated visiting the restaurants. However, the many odors, diminished my appetite for Chinese food. A shudder passed through me as we walked down the narrow streets with dark alleys and unlighted doorways on both sides. I listened, almost unbelievably as our guide explained the strange religious customs of these quaint people and showed us the places where they worshipped.

Next, we continued our ride up Park Row and the swank Beekman Hill district and recognized the sharp contrast between this fabulous district and the section we had left only a few minutes before. A patriotic feeling came over me as we passed the completely modern United Nations Building.

We concluded this enjoyable and educational tour by riding through Rockefeller Center, into the hurly-burly of Times Square, and back to our starting point.

The Season Starts

By CHARLES STARNES

Everyone was in a hurry to go to our first baseball game of the season. We were to play Wilmington at three o'clock and it was eight then. I came in a little late and had to pack my suit and equipment fast. I threw my shoes, glove, socks and everything, I thought, into a little overnight bag.

We loaded on the Queen City and were off to the game. The boys were all excited and some were trying to get a little sleep. While talking over the starters and discussing scores of other games, the coaches calmly smoked their cigars.

Every now and then you could hear a yell from the back of the bus where one of the new players was being initiated. The coaches, pretending not to hear, would go on talking and puffing on their cigars.

Finally we arrived at our destination, Wilmington High School, where the game was to be played. We jumped off the bus and rushed to the nearest soda shop to get a bite to eat. The coaches' words rang in our ears, "Don't eat anything greasy and don't drink any milk."

It was game time and we hurried to get dressed. Everyone unpacked quickly and got ready to play but something

"IT"

The following is a presentation of two poems by
Miss Mary Frances Philbeck

It came softly like the gentle wind kissing a bruised rose petal, and it warmed my soul.

It came with a painful fullness, but I did not cry out, because It has no voice.

It was phenomenal and ecstatic, but it was not strange because It was natural and beautiful.

It came without form or person because ethereal beauty has no tangible likeness.

It cannot die because only that which fears can die, and It is not afraid.

It will not grow, because It is complete within Itself and only deepens in intensity.

ETERNITY

When eyes are shut and lips are cold
And the lock is secure on the gate of the fold
And life is consumed in its own hatred—
Then you and I shall wander through the emptiness content
Just you and I and Beauty

When bodies are mingled at last with the dust
And hearts that have loved are covered with rust
And wars have drowned in their own red blood—
Then you and I shall walk the pathless plains, content,
Just You and I and Beauty

When mountains have crumbled and seas drained dry
And storms have faded to a whispering sigh
And pride is stabbed by its own sharp sword—
Then you and I shall wander hand in hand, content,
Just You and I and Beauty

When the doe has fled from the bleating fawn
And the night has prayed for the coming dawn
And pride is strangled with its own black hands—
Then you and I shall wander in the nothingness, content,
Just You and I and Beauty

JOY OF CHILDHOOD

By LOIS HOYLE

When I get up each morning,
And behold God's lovely world,
I have that same old yearning
That I had as a little girl.
I want to dash outside to play,
To touch the flowers along the way,
To listen as the birds do sing,
And hear their echoes softly ring.
'Tis such a joy to be a child—
So happy, carefree, and so gay,
Innocent of the things of life
That stand to bar the way.
With song and laughter in his heart—
No fears within him do impart—
Childhood is such a glorious dream,
It's all a part of God's great scheme.

was wrong. I searched that little bag a hundred times, but there were no baseball pants!

I told one of the boys and he laughed boisterously. He said I had better tell the coach and this did jolt me. I was to tell the coach I had left my pants? I hesitated, walked over to the coach, timidly nudged him and said, "Sir, I left my pants." The house shook as the coach in a round about way told me how stupid I was, and where I could go.

Later I laughed about it, but I bet I'll never leave my pants again.